

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER  
—FROM THE—  
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JULY 5 1895.—

NO. 40.

## FREEDOM'S FLAG.

**O**ur country's flag, O, emblem dear  
Of all the soul loves best,  
What glories in thy folds appear  
Let noble deeds attest;  
Thy presence on the field of strife  
Enkindled valor's flame;  
Around thee in the hour of peace  
We twine our nation's fame.

Beneath thy rays our fathers bled  
In Freedom's holy cause;  
Whene'er to heaven thy folds outspread  
Prevail sweet Freedom's laws;  
Prosperity has marked thy course  
O'er all the land and sea;  
Thy favored sons in distant climes  
Still fondly look to thee.

Proud banner of the noble free  
Emblazoned from on high!  
Long may thy folds unsouled reflect  
The glories of the sky!  
Long may thy land be Freedom's land,  
Thy heroes with virtue bright,  
Thy sons a brave, united band,  
For God, for Truth, for Right.

JOHN J. HOOD.

## THE FOURTH.

Twenty years ago, the Fourth of July—the day justly celebrated as our Nation's birthday—was but little known to the Indians as a day differing from others.

But now on many of the reservations the Indians celebrate with heart and pride along with the loyal Americans.

In the border towns, however, those Indians who still adhere to heathenish customs—those who can dance and whoop the loudest, are the ones most encouraged to come to the front, and by showing off their savagery in the most hideous fashion furnish amusement for a gazing and idle crowd.

As the Indians become educated the greater is their disinclination to thus turn themselves into savages, and the more ashamed are they of the practice.

The Fourth! The Fourth! Let us all celebrate and be happy that we live upon the freest soil upon earth, and are a part of the greatest and grandest nation on earth.

Try not only to be good, but to be good for something.

## WORDS OF A DOUBLE MEANING.

Not only the Indians but those of the English tongue who know but the one language sometimes become entangled in words to which more than one meaning is attached.

"Send me the finest print you have! Want to try 'specks,'" is the wording of a request that came to the printing office a few days since.

"The finest print!" repeated the one in charge, greatly perplexed upon reading the note. "Who wants to inspect our printing, now? Specks! The one thing we try to work out of our fine printing, especially the half-tone work is the dreaded speck. Are comparisons to be made between our print and that of some other office? Want to try specks! What specks? A print of something must have slipped out that is full of specks. Are we to be held up for criticism?"

These and many other queries passed through the mind of the person in charge as he hunted over the pile of sample work to find a particularly fine specimen.

"Do you want plate work or printed matter?" he wrote.

And a note came in return:

"Anything only so it is fine print. Have new spectacles."

"O," and the person in charge did not exactly call for a fan, but he felt like doing so.

Then was brought to his notice the double meaning of the two words, and then and there he learned the useful lesson that too much patience cannot be observed with the youth of the Indian people in their efforts to gain our language with its many words of double meaning.

The man who is always looking for a soft place can find it by taking off his hat.

When the devil comes to an empty mind he is sure of a place to stay all night.

What a very large patriot a very small boy can be!

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it  
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## MISS NANA'S HOME LETTER.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is greatly privileged to gain access to Miss Nana Pratt's private correspondence, and draw from it what he thinks will most interest the readers of the HELPER. We shall have to stand the consequences after her return, but just now she is at a safe distance, and we will continue our purloining:

She says in part in the last letter, dated London, June 21st:

"We spent three days at the boarding house where I wrote my last letter and then came out to Norwood, a suburb of London, last Saturday. We have large, comfortable quarters and are out from the crowd and noise of the city.

I am writing now in a large bay window, which looks out upon a lovely English garden, and very near us is the Crystal Palace.

Our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, are Scotch, who have lived in South Africa for many years and own much property there. They are very good people and are interested in all good works.

We tried to do some sight seeing last week. We went to St. Paul's Cathedral and spent a dreary afternoon in the Temple Courts, with which Lamb has made us so well acquainted. Another day, almost, we spent in Westminster Abbey, and took a boat ride to Greenwich on the Thames, where we saw the mighty shipping of London.

We hunted up 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and various other places, then roamed around the streets and rode on top of the busses.

Sunday we went to the devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U. Convention held in Dr. Parker's City Temple at three in the afternoon. The temple was crowded, people standing at the doors an hour before they were opened.

Old 'Mother Stewart,' who started the crusade against liquor in Ohio twenty years ago, out of which the W. C. T. U. has grown has come in her 84th year to attend the Convention and was most beautifully introduced by

Lady Henry at this devotional meeting. The people welcomed her so lovingly. It was a touching sight, and one could not help feeling glad and proud that America has been the pioneer in this grand work.

Yesterday we attended the last morning session of the World's W. C. T. U. and helped to vote on the various resolutions. In the afternoon we went to the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress held a special reception in honor of the Convention. We were most graciously received, and Lady Henry, Miss Willard and the Lord Mayor exchanged greetings in short speeches while Lady Henry introduced each of us to 'My Lord Mayor' and 'My Lady Mayoress.'

After the reception Mrs. Russell took Mrs. Bottome, two German 'Fraus' and myself to her Woman's Club to which the advanced women of London belong—Sara Grand, Lady Henry and others. The Club House is handsome and in the most aristocratic part of London.

From the Club we drove to Albert's Hall, the largest auditorium in London, where the Grand International Demonstrational Meeting was held. The hall was crowded and the meeting was most thrilling. The Polyglot petition was draped around the four galleries and piled in rolls in front of the platform.

When Lady Henry and Miss Willard entered, the audience arose and stormed with applause, then followed twenty-five delegations of different temperance societies, and after these came 81 different groups of girls dressed in the costumes of the country and bearing banners with the names of the countries in which the W. C. T. U. is formed. It was a most magnificent spectacle.

We had some fine addresses from Lady Henry, who presided, Miss Willard, Canon Wilberforce, Miss Agnes Weston, a number of the members of Parliament and many American women.

A most touching sight was that of Sister Katherine of the London Wesleyan Mission and two score and more of her little street rag-a-muffins who sang, 'There's a Shadow on the Home' while from the other end of the Hall two hundred little girls, dressed in white and bearing on each side, long white ribbons entered singing, 'We are Coming to the Rescue.' It was an inspiration to join in the W. C. T. U. work 'for God, for Home and Every Land.'

This afternoon Lady Henry receives us at her home at Reigate Priory, Surrey.

We will sail for Iceland about July 10th."

Miss Isabella Cornelius, (class '92,) who obtained her diploma by keeping up her Carlisle studies while in her country home, with Miss Edge, of Downington, Penna., and who is now a student of the New Britain Normal School, Connecticut, is spending her summer vacation with us. She hopes to graduate from New Britain next June. She enjoys her life there and is thoroughly grateful for the opportunity afforded. She speaks of the little white pupils of her practice school with all the enthusiasm of an old teacher thoroughly in love with her calling. Miss Isabella is a sister of Miss Nancy Cornelius, the first Indian in this country to become a trained nurse. She saw her sister a week ago, and she is well.

Bang-it-y-bang!  
The Fourth of July!  
Watch out for fire!  
Is "Uncle Sam" in good trim?  
O, these lovely moonlight nights.  
Fine weather for wheeling.  
William Carefell is all day mail-boy now-a-days.

Watermelons! Who says these are melon-cholic days?

One hundred and nineteen years of freedom as a nation!

Miss Hulme left on Tuesday for her home in Mt. Holly, N. J.

Miss Elizabeth Wind is spending her vacation in Philadelphia and vicinity.

The vegetable crop is now giving a fair showing; the supply of peas has been liberal.

Mr. Warner, of St. John's Mission—Bishop Hare's school—was among the visitors of the week.

Mr. Harlan is pushing along with the harvest in his usual vigorous manner and will soon finish.

Don't run risks in throwing fire-crackers toward a person. A little innocent fun may result in great suffering.

A visitor from Dakota, this week, said that the spring at the school farm is the finest he had ever seen in his life.

Now that we are to have bamboo bicycles it is in order for the ingenious inventor to give us a combination fishing rod and bicycle.

Mr. J. J. Duncan, of the Ft. Lewis, Colorado, Indian School says at the close of a business letter: "We hope soon to start a paper at this school."

The wee tots in their overalls feel like great workmen as they pile the brick that is being hauled for the new end of the gymnasium. They are a happy little company.

Miss Hench is taking her vacation. She lives in Carlisle, "hench" we may have the pleasure of seeing her beaming countenance once in awhile, during her rest period.

The number of tables in the pupils' dining hall has been reduced to 14, and they are all in one end of the spacious room. It does not take so much of a good thing to go around these days.

Henry Bird and Robbie Delaine have gone home during the week. Those who are to go home this year have now all departed, and the numbers will soon begin to read the other way. Twelve new pupils were added this week.

Mrs. and Miss Worthington of North Hanover St., are with us for the summer, the former in her old place as instructress and manager of the sewing department. The latter is teacher of art. They will occupy Miss Hamilton's room.

Ida Wasec is fortunate in finding a country home at the sea-shore. She will live with Mr. and Mrs. Super, of Dickinson College, who have gone to the shore for the summer. Ida came to the office to give personal attention to change of HELPER address, for she says, "I must have my little letter every week."

The wheat crop on our school farm this year has run more to straw than to wheat; cutting is completed.

Walter Gardner, the young son of our master carpenter, has entered the printing office for the summer, to work by the side of his Indian brothers. He and Jack Standing lend a lighter shade to the complexion of the office but we know no difference in heart.

From a letter from James Hill, dated Crow Agency, Mont., June 23, we judge he is having a good time. He has every opportunity for work, he says, on the irrigating ditch. A man with team earns \$4.00 a day and they pay \$2.00 for a man. He had only been at home but a few days when he wrote.

A letter from Miss Fisher states that the "round-a-bout" information given last week that she has been transferred to Genoa, Nebraska, is true, and although she has many warm friends at Albuquerque, and has become attached to her Indian pupils there, she is anticipating pleasant work at Genoa. She goes to Genoa in August.

Professor Bakeless left on Friday last for Sioux City, Iowa, to attend the Indian Institute, to be held at that place this week. A series of Institutes are to be held in various parts of the country and Professor will attend them all, going as far west as Tacoma. We shall expect accounts of his trip from time to time for the columns of the HELPER and the *Red Man*.

Invitations to the closing exercises of the Schools of White's Institute for June 28th, were received and the program looks like an interesting one. White's Institute has shown up some excellent results in practically educated Indian youth. It is one of the best non-reservation contract Indian schools in the country, small but super-excellent in its appointments. The Friends, following all the other Churches, except the Catholics, declined to take Government money for Indian education.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Dennison Wheelock arrived from Oneida, Wisconsin, with nine pupils for Carlisle. Mr. Wheelock is greatly improved in health. His sojourn among the native pines has done him good. Mrs. Wheelock says the Oneidas are a fine people. It was her first visit there. She is a native of Minnesota and a member of the Chippewa tribe, at least was before she joined the United States tribe of citizens.

The Outing Number of the *Red Man*, now mailing, will be specially interesting to patrons having our students and to the students themselves, as large extracts are taken from reports and letters from both patrons and pupils. Both sides of the question are given and by thoughtfully reading the several pages devoted to the subject a fair knowledge of the success or failure of the plan may be obtained.

The new end of the gymnasium will be 50 by 60 feet and three stories high. The first floor will contain a library, reading-room, dressing-rooms and an abundance of shower-baths. The second and third stories will be two large and very pleasant meeting-rooms for the Literary Societies. The great good and pleasure that will be derived from this addition to our already magnificent building cannot be estimated.

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## MASTER OR SLAVE.

The following editorial squib taken from the *Sunday School Times* is so easy to understand that most of the HELPER readers will see and be benefitted by the wonderful truths therein contained:

There is all the difference in the world between being master or slave.

And this difference is manifest in every phase of life, and in every sphere of power.

Every man has nerves; but one man controls his nerves, and we speak of him admiringly as a man of nerve, while another man is controlled by his nerves, and we speak of him pityingly as a nervous man.

In the one case, the man is master; in the other case, the man is a slave.

It is a good thing for a man to have a strong temper and to control it.

It is a very bad thing for a strong temper to have a man and to control him.

A man is worth little in ordinary life who has no appetite, and a man who has his appetite in control is master of it for efficient service; but a man who is slave to his appetite has neither happiness nor power.

He is despised as the most abject of his race.

The choice is before us, in God's providence, to be master or slave.

And we are responsible for our choice.

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## A NOVEL WAY OF PLACING THE COUNTRY IN THE RIGHT HANDS.

It is said that when Chief Bushyhead of the five civilized tribes was in Washington he was accosted one day with:

"Look here, Bushyhead, I'm afraid you are up to some mischief. Why are you staying in Washington so long?"

"I am here for my people," replied Bushyhead.

"What are you doing for your people?"

The old chief drew his friend aside and affecting secrecy said:

"I am lobbying the scheme to send the negroes back to Africa."

"What have your people to do with that?"

"Why," said Bushyhead, "when we have succeeded in deporting the negroes then we will introduce a bill to deport the white people. That will put the country in the hands of its rightful owners."

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Cherries are ripe.

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## INDIAN THRIFT.

The SAVING boy is the most happy in the end. When an Indian boy's report comes in from his farm father like this, there is hope for such an one that he will become a thrifty business man, and he has an eye for his future comfort:

Wages paid for the month - - - - \$14.  
Spent - - - - - - - - - - 0.

Had left at the end of the month - - \$14.

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## FLIES.

"Where do the flies come from?" was asked.

"Well," replied the one asked, "The cyclone makes the house fly;

The blacksmith and the Fourth of July make the fire fly;

The carpenter makes the saw fly;

The driver makes the horse fly;

The grocer makes the sand fly;

The boarder makes the butter fly."

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## PARLOR DON'TS.

40. Don't fail to rise, if you are seated whenever a lady enters the room.

41. Don't sit cross-legged. Pretty nearly everybody of the male sex does, but, nevertheless, don't.

42. Don't sit with your chair resting on its hind legs. Keep quiet and at ease in your chair.

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## Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 17, 16, 18, 11 is a very important part of the face.

My 14, 9, 10 is what an Indian boy likes to spin.

My 12, 13, 8 may be used for cleaning purposes.

My 5, 3, 7 is a noise.

My 4, 6, 11 is an untruth.

My 10, 15, 17 sticks.

My 14, 2, 1 is a handy thing on wash-days. My whole is what is engaging the attention and interest of the Carlisle boy at this school, this summer.

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